

water and a healthy environment. Simply stated, when I hear the term "environmentalist", I think of public servants like Donnie first. This is because Donnie's contributions to his profession, his community, and to Virginia are numerous.

Mr. Wheeler is a founder of the Virginia Association of Municipal Wastewater Agencies (VAMWA) and served as its president for six years. His career achievements have earned the respect of his colleagues at the local, state and national levels, resulting in awards from the Virginia Water Environment Association (VWEA) and Environment Virginia. Mr. Wheeler has also served as an Adjunct Associate Professor of Environmental Engineering at Old Dominion University.

Again, it is with great pleasure that I congratulate Donnie on becoming President of NACWA. I am certain the Association will continue to flourish under his able leadership.

AGRICULTURAL TRADE

HON. STEVE KING

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, April 20, 2005

Mr. KING of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I stand today in support of the U.S.-Dominican Republic-Central America Free Trade Agreement and the benefits it will provide to hardworking American farmers. Currently, the U.S. market is already fairly open to agricultural products from Central America and the Dominican Republic, but U.S. farmers face a variety of tariffs and other barriers when exporting to the DR-CAFTA countries. This agreement will eliminate those barriers, reciprocate open market access, and put American farmers on a level playing field.

As the nation's top exporter of corn, with farm cash receipts of over \$3.7 billion, corn producers from the great state of Iowa, which I represent, would benefit from the FTA. Recent price strength in U.S. pork markets is directly related to increased U.S. pork exports. Mexico is a good example. DR-CAFTA countries are also important export market for Iowa soybean farmers, who are the top exporters of soybeans. Nationwide these exports already account for 14 percent, a total of 1.0 million metric tons or 58 million bushels. Finally, the Iowa beef industry would benefit from the FTA. In 2003, the U.S. found bovine spongiform encephalopathy (BSE) in a Canadian cow causing us to have export challenges with Japan. The U.S. has lost valuable beef exports, and this FTA would help expand access and market potential.

This Agreement will provide U.S. farmers with unequalled access to a large market with growing incomes and growing demands for agricultural and food products. The elimination of tariffs will provide American farmers with preferences over producers in Canada, Europe, and other countries. This will help to restore lost U.S. market share and increase overall exports to the five DR-CAFTA countries.

Mr. Speaker, I strongly urge my colleagues to support American farmers and to support this very important piece of legislation.

IN MEMORY OF MICHAEL
WRONIKOWSKI

HON. MIKE ROGERS

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, April 20, 2005

Mr. ROGERS of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to ask that these moving words delivered on April 2, 2005 by Brian Wronikowski at a memorial service for his father, Michael Wronikowski of Detroit, Michigan, who passed away on March 16, 2005, be included in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD:

First of all, my family and I would like to thank all of you for coming today. We appreciate everyone taking time out of their busy lives to celebrate the life of someone who was and always will be such an important part of ours. Everyone's thoughts, prayers and kind words have not gone unnoticed. Thanks again.

We would like to invite any and all of you to continue the celebration of Mike's life after mass. Stop in for a bite to eat. Stop in to say hello. All are welcome to stop by at Mike and Kathy's home. Just follow the caravan of people walking down Audubon after the service.

Joseph and Dorothy Wronikowski welcomed Michael John, their 3rd of 5 children into the world on September 3rd, 1946. He was born in the city of Detroit, where he lived all 58 of his years. Raised in the Catholic faith, he attended Guardian Angel Elementary School and graduated from De La Salle High School in 1964.

After graduation, he joined the Army Reserves, where he served as a security code specialist until 1972. It was also upon graduation that he began work as a printer, a career that would last over thirty years. In June of 1967, he met and began dating Kathleen McEvoy, a former classmate of his from Guardian Angels. Although they were in the same grade, they were never in the same classroom in any of their eight years. On May 10, 1968, a mere eleven months later, they were married.

Being the good Catholic young adults that they were, my parents got to work on starting their family. Nine and a half months after they were married, Anne Marie, their first child was born. Eleven months later, came John Michael. And so on and so on to the tune of eight children in nine and a half years. As the kids kept coming, and the bills kept rising, my father worked two jobs to provide for us and send us through Catholic schools. You see, public school was never an option for us kids in our parent's eyes. They were both brought up in Catholic households and a Catholic education was the only way to go.

My Dad became a printer back in the '60's because it meant a pay increase over his job in the mail room. But make no mistake, he took great pride in his craft. I can remember him bringing home picture after picture that he worked on. I think all of us kids had "The Tiger's Roar in '84" poster that he worked on hanging in our rooms at some point.

It was not all work for my Dad. He was a spectacular athlete in his younger years. He dabbled in a just about everything. He was a solid third baseman. As you heard, he was lucky enough to play in the nets in the storied Montreal Forum. He was also a very good golfer, and he was the best bowler I have ever seen.

As the years went on, working the long hours on the printing press took quite a toll on my dad's body. He developed degenerative disc disease, which resulted in four separate

back surgeries. He lived every day in constant pain, but you would never know it, because he would never show it. His desire to live and be active outweighed his desire to live in comfort.

As the surgeries mounted, he was forced to give up all of his hobbies that he loved for so long. Instead of feeling sorry for himself and packing it in, he moved on to other hobbies that I am sure were no better for his back than his sports were. He redid almost the whole inside of my parent's house. You cannot step foot inside a room there that doesn't have his fingerprints all over it. My mom even turned him on to the wonderful world of gardening. Pulling weeds, planting bulbs—all sorts of fun stuff. But it wasn't the job that he was doing that was important to him; instead, it was how he did it. He was a perfectionist at heart. And it didn't matter if he was working the presses or vacuuming our pool, the job was not done until it was perfect.

My Dad stopped working in 2000. And though we had some stressful times over the last few years, anybody that knew him knows that his last few years were his happiest. His kids were all grown up. He was blessed with five beautiful grandchildren. And he got to enjoy more time with my Mom than any other time in their marriage. Sure, they had their hard times like any other couple. But my parents were married 36 years. Neither one ever strayed. Through thick and through thin, their love never wavered.

Everyone has different things that will always stick with them. Different memories. Different "Dadisms". Here are a few. My Dad was a very good listener. Sometimes he offered his opinions, but more times than not he just wanted to be there for his kids. His silent confidence is already missed. My dad was a huge hockey fan. Many a Saturday night was spent in our younger years with the TV tuned in to Hockey Night in Canada. And it didn't really feel like the Wings had won the Cup until we were able to get Dad on the phone and share our excitement. My Dad was always very affectionate with both his kids and his grandkids. Every time someone was leaving our parents to go back home, wherever home may be, you knew it was time for a kiss on both cheeks from Dad. And a giant bear hug. Then he would stand at the door and wave goodbye, not moving until the car was out of sight. My Dad was always there for all of us. Whether someone needed a ride, a couple extra bucks or just a visit to say hi, you could always count on him. I will be honest with you now—my sisters gave my Dad some of the ugliest gifts I have ever seen. The hats. The shirts. Not so good. Didn't matter though. If the card attached said Love, one of his kids or grandkids, that gift automatically became his favorite article of clothing. And he wouldn't take it off. One of our neighbors gave us a card that read "I will personally miss Mike because of the man I knew him to be—a helpful, caring, involved and thoughtful neighbor." Any time we were talking to my Dad on the phone, each call would end the same way. "I love you. Okay, bye." That's my Dad.

I will have many long lasting memories of my Dad. But some will stick around more than others. I think like just about every other five or six year old kid, I thought of my Dad as the strongest man on Earth, some type of super hero almost. He had these huge, Popeye like forearms that he got from the long hours working on the press. As years went on, and I looked at my Dad as more of a human being than a super hero, my thoughts of his strength faded away. The last few years, I watched him and marveled. Not because of his arm strength, but more because of his inner strength. He persevered through his life in a way that I cannot do